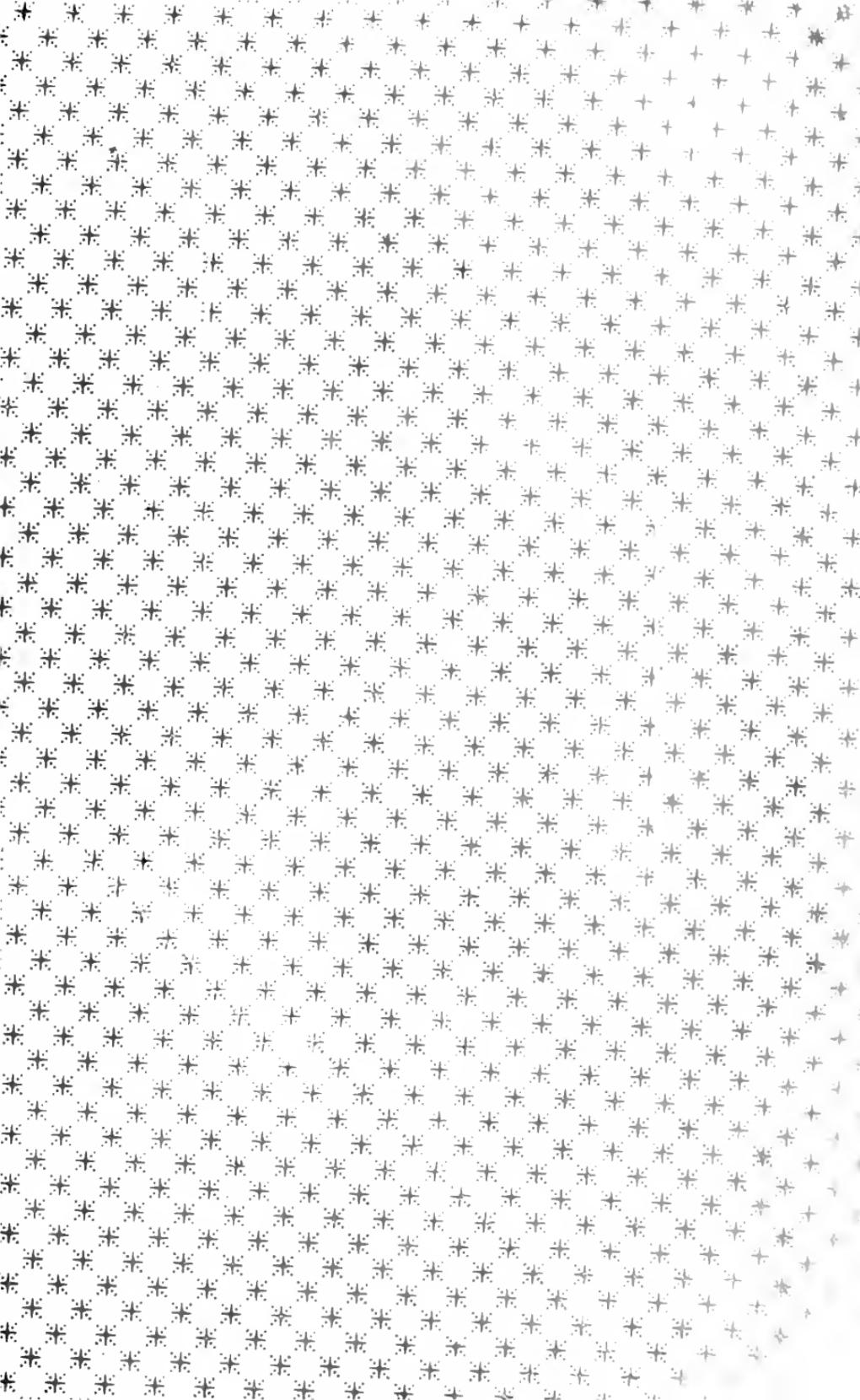


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LOS ANGELES



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VERSES

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LONDON:

Printed by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13, MARK LANE.

1863.

LONDON :
RICHARD BARRETT, PRINTER,
MARK LANE.

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5236
R731v

WEEP, for tears may give relief,
But murmur not.
Though very great thy sorrow be,
He who hath laid his hand on thee
Hath not forgot
That thou art frail ; He will not try
Too much thy strength. Then raise on high
Unto the Lord thy feeble cry,
For help in this thy time of need,
And He will be thy help indeed.
He hears the ravens when they call,
And He will be thy all in all.
E'en though He use the chastening rod
He is thy Father, Friend, and God !

1850.

841685

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee when the rosy morn,
 Comes forth from the halls of light,
 Scattering far the shadowy forms
 That people the dreary night.
 For then have we wandered hand in hand,
 Through lovely garden bowers,
 Cheered by the songs of the joyous birds,—
 Plucking the dewy flowers.

I think of thee when shades of eve
 O'er earth are softly stealing ;
 When nightingales pour forth their songs,
 To wake each pensive feeling.
 For then have I heard thy lute-strains borne
 Upon the evening breeze,
 Or spent with thee that sacred hour,
 Beneath the whispering trees.

I think of thee, when solemn night
 Has hushed the world in sleep ;
 When all is still, and pale sad stars
 Their silent vigils keep.
 For then with thee, by the bed of pain,
 I have watched the labouring breath,
 Till the last awful summons came,
 And we stood by the bed of death !



STANZAS.

To battle forth the warrior went,—
 The drums were beating high—
 All heedless of the cannon's roar—
 To conquer or to die !

His burnished crest was glittering
 In the sunshine warm and clear—
 In the sun that shone so brightly
 Over his home so dear.

He reined his gallant charger,
 While tears started to his eye ;
 His lips were pressed in sorrow,
 From his proud heart rose a sigh.

Thoughts of home's quiet pleasures
 Came flitting through his heart,
 Of her whom he loved so truly—
 From whom he now must part.

He dashed the falling tear away,
 He checked the rising sigh ;
 And spurred his gallant charger on
 To conquer or to die !

* * * *

The evening sun, with sickening glare,
 Shone on that blood-dyed field,
 Where lips so lately warm with life,
 Now cold in death were sealed.

There,—stretched upon the crimson turf,
 One common bed of death,—
 The soldier and his gallant steed
 Drew their last struggling breath.

“A glorious battle has been gained,
 A nation crushed!” they say ;
 They think not of the widowed hearts,
 Or the orphans made that day.

1850.



THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

An angel came, one day, into
 A garden large and fair ;
 He looked around admiringly ;
 For beauty and youth were there.

An old man lay on a lowly couch,
 Beneath a spreading tree ;
 He had passed the years the Prophet tells,
 And was longing to be free.

Beside him knelt a gentle girl,
 In her youth and her beauty's bloom ;
 The Angel looked again and saw
 Her borne to the silent tomb.

But the aged man was still left there,
 Whence that fair young thing had flown.
 And he raised to Heaven his withered hands
 Praying,—“Thy will be done !”

The Angel turned away, and saw
 A company large and gay ;
 In the midst of the throng he saw a bride,
 As lovely and fair as May.

He looked again, and saw the bride
 On the couch of death laid low,
 And the bridegroom kneeling by her side,
 In deep and speechless woe.

He turned and saw a mother fair
 Nursing her first-born child ;
 It had waked from a sweet and peaceful sleep,
 And looked in her face and smiled.

He saw that mother's tender love,
 As she calmed her infant's fears,
 And he thought with joy that the child would soothe
 The mother's declining years.

But alas ! when the Angel looked again
 The mother bent down her head ;
 Her tears flowed fast, and her grief was wild,
 For the little babe was dead !

Sadly the Angel turned to ask
 Why flowers so frail were given ;
 When a voice behind him gently said,
 "They will bloom more sweet—in Heaven!"



S T A N Z A S.

THINK not lightly of the past !

 Think what precious hours were wasted,
 Think what golden moments lost,

 And what joys and sorrows tasted.

Think not lightly of the past,

 Think e'en sadly, though 'twere vain
 To waste time in mere regretting,
 Or to wish it back again.

Think not lightly of the present !

 Oh improve the time while here,
 Life is short and time is precious,

 Some there are to aid and cheer :

Think not lightly of the present,

 'Tis the only time we may
 Call our own. Oh, then let each one
 Work while it is called to-day.

Think not lightly of the future !

 Think not vainly. Oh, beware !
Build thy hopes on sure foundations ;

 Build no castles in the air.

Think not lightly of the future,

 But think solemnly, and say,
 If thou hast prepared in heaven,
 A mansion for the future day.

THE EAGLE AND THE LARK.

UPON his sunny course—while still
 With dew the flowers were wet,
 An Alpine eagle soaring on,
 Heaven's sweetest warbler met,
 And heard her song
 Of the clear fresh morn
 On the breeze along
 In the still heaven borne.

The outspread wing—accustomed well to speed,
 Lingers awhile,—and as it floats along
 While the still air bears up its noble king,
 He lists—enraptured—to the lark's sweet song.
 “Come here”—at last, he says—“thou songstress free, ”
 And on my wings to heaven I'll carry thee !” }
 “Ah no!” the lark replies, “that may not be !” }
 Here upon earth 'tis my sweet task to raise
 To my Creator, these my matin-lays ;
 Thy wing, in higher sphere, his bounteous power displays.”

Translated from the German, 1852.



THE DYING GIRL'S ADDRESS TO HER MOTHER.

I HAVE not long to live, Mother,
 I feel that I must die ;
 Soon will the summer come again,
 And cloudless be the sky ;
 Again the flowers will bloom, Mother,
 And all the world be gay,
 But I shall be in the grave, Mother,
 And you, far, far, away !

You must not weep for me, Mother,
 Altho' the stormy main
 Will roll 'twixt you and me, Mother,
 For we shall meet again !
 A few short fleeting years, and then
 Your sorrows will be o'er,
 And we shall meet, above, Mother,
 We shall meet, to part no more.

And yet, 'tis sad to die, Mother,
 Upon a foreign strand ;
 For oh ! I long once more to see,
 The far-off fatherland !
 And sad it is to leave you here,
 'Mong strangers all alone ;
 For there'll be none to comfort you,
 When I am dead and gone !

But on our Heavenly Father's care,
 O Mother sweet, depend !
 He will watch o'er you, Mother dear,
 And be your constant friend !
 And though I ne'er shall see again,
 My home across the wave,
 There's a brighter one in store for me,
 Beyond the silent grave !

Draw back the curtains, Mother dear,
 That I may once more see
 The cheerful sun, that nevermore
 Shall rise again for me !
 Stoop down and kiss me, Mother dear,
 And let me clasp your hand.
 Farewell ! I hear the golden harps,
 In the Heavenly Fatherland !

THE DYING MOTHER.

BRING my babe ! O bring him to me !

Let me gaze on him once more,

For the grave is closing o'er me,

And my time will soon be o'er !

O, my heart is well-nigh breaking,

That was late so full of joy.

Can I leave my darling treasure ?

Must I, must I, leave my boy ?

Through the dreary hours of midnight,

Who will hear my infant's cry ?

No fond mother's voice to soothe him.

She will be no longer by !

Who thro' childhood will watch o'er him ?

Who will guard him day by day ?

Who will lead his steps to heaven ?

Who will teach my boy to pray ?

Through the years of youth and manhood,

Thou wilt have no mother near,

Never canst thou pour thy sorrows

Into her confiding ear.

Heavenly Father !

Am I faithless ?

Yet forgive a mother's fears,

Only be Thou with my infant,

Shield from harm his tender years.

TO ———.

NAY, do not call me cruel,
 Thou canst not read my heart,
 Thou couldst not tell my anguish,
 As I told thee we must part.

Through the night's starry watches,
 When no human eye could see,
 I have spent the lonely hours,
 In tears and prayers, for thee !

Then do not call me cruel !
 Could I alone have borne
 The anguish and the bitter pangs,
 That both our hearts have torn,
Thou shouldst have known no sorrow ;
 And that deep lustrous eye
 Would beam yet with the brightness,
 That it did in days gone by.

1852.



ON THE DEATH OF S. P. G.

THIRD MONTH, 1852.

THOU art gone ! shall we deplore thee ?
 Shall we murmur at thy lot ?
 He who gave, saw fit to take thee,
 And our hearts must murmur not.

O, let each rebellious feeling,
 Whatsoe'er that feeling be ;
 Though the silent tear be flowing,
 Be subdued, for thou art free !

Free from every earthly shackle,

Free from sorrow, guilt, and pain ;
And thine eyes with tears shall never,
Never be bedewed again.

Through the dark and gloomy valley,

Was thy Saviour at thy side ;
Leading thee from earth to heaven,
Thy deliverer, and thy guide.

Oh may we, when life is ended,

Meet thee on that Heavenly shore ;
There to sing eternal praises,
To the Lamb, for evermore.



STANZAS.

THE moonbeams o'er the rippling waves are streaming
And in their light the time-worn cliffs are gleaming,
Soft, gentle zephyrs whisper through the trees,
And ocean's music swells along the breeze.

How calm is all around ! The deep repose
Bids the tired trembling heart forget its woes.

—An hour later—and how changed the scene !

Dark lower the clouds where late the moon has been ;
The thunder rolls ; lightning illumines the sky—
Above the ocean's roar, the sea-bird's cry
Comes like a death-knell to the sailor's ear,
Filling his heart with dark foreboding fear.

How soon the brightest scene is overcast !
 Pleasure in this life is not made to last ;
 Yet to the young, life looks a sunny way !
 How often in my childhood's happy day
 I fancied life all poetry and bliss !
 Alas ! alas ! it is not, ne'er was—this !
 Too bright it seemed ;—the path all strewn with flowers
 That bloom, alas ! but for a few short hours.
 Too bright were they ! of too ethereal birth
 Long to survive on this ungenial earth.

And now 'tis o'er and gone—Life's first young dream,
 And things to me are really what they seem.
 Hopes withered in the bud, and pleasures flown,
 Old friends unfaithful, loved companions gone,
 —Taking from life its first enchanting bloom,
 Serve but to point to life beyond the tomb.
There is no change ! but one eternal day
 In love, in praise, and joy, shall pass away.

Not *pass away* ! There shall no meaning be
 To words like these, O Land of Rest, in thee !

1853.



FAREWELL !

O who that ne'er has loved, can tell
 The anguish of that word “ Farewell ? ”
 With what a dead weight on the heart
 It falls, the signal—Friends must part !

To young hearts who expect to find
 Pleasure in every passing wind ;
 Who think not of affliction's breath,
 Forgetting that the hand of Death
 May blight, for them, hope's beauteous flowers,
 Which, in this dreary world of ours,
 Fade all too soon before their prime—
 Fade while untouched, unscathed by time.

To such as these, O with what withering woe
 Comes that sad word ! they, only they, may know !
 When lightly spoken, in a careless hour,
 Little we think of its heart-breaking power !
 Little we think of the mysterious spell
 Breathed in that fond, but sad, sad word—“ Farewell ! ”

1853.

“ A CHANGE CAME O’ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM.”

THERE came a change—a blighting change—
 At first, all unbelieved,—it seemed so strange.
 So strange ! for I had deemed thy love for me
 As deep, as constant, as was mine for thee.
 Alas ! how oft we lean upon a reed,
 And find, too late, 'twas broken—weak indeed !

Yet would I not recall the golden past,
 Though its bright hours flew by—alas ! too fast.
 Enough ! It must content me now to know
 That I have loved thee with no transient glow ;

But with a love that ne'er will lose its bloom,
 Perishing only with me in the tomb ;
 Enough for me that I have had the power
 To please, amuse thee in an idle hour ;
 That I have had the power some days to cheer,
 Of thy soul's sad and weary sojourn here.

Yet never shall I bend the knee in prayer
 But thy dear name shall be remembered there,
 And Heaven petitioned, that upon thy head
 Its choicest blessings may be ever shed.
 O, fare thee well ! when trod this path of pain
 May we but meet, ne'er, ne'er to part again !

1853.



“ BLOOMING TO FADE.”

I LAY me down one summer eve
 Beneath a spreading tree ;
 There was no sound save the whispering wind,
 Or the murmur of the sea.

Long in a half-unconscious state,
 I sate beneath that old oak's shade ;
 When I heard a low voice breathe the words :
 “ Blooming to fade ! ”

Sad and sweet as a lute's low tone
 Or an autumn wind's last sigh,
 That gentle voice breathed forth the words :
 “ Blooming to die ! ”

I looked around, and standing near,
 Saw a form of ethereal mould ;
 Time leaves no trace on a face like hers,
 'Twas a face that ne'er grows old.

I felt that she was not of the earth,
 For I knew that her calm deep eye
 Had ne'er been stained by the tear of grief,
 Nor her breast e'er heaved a sigh.

She passed away like a summer cloud ;
 But I heard again and again
 The sad, sweet tones she had murmur'd forth
 With a feeling of deepest pain.

Have all things, I sighed, on this beautiful earth,
 Have they all the same sad doom ?
 Be they ever so bright, do they only live
 At last—but to fill a tomb ?

Yes, yes. Alas ! on each earthly thing
 Is the stamp of mortality laid ;
 Bright it may seem, but it bears the words
 " Blooming to fade ! "

There *is* a land where Death enters not,
 Where flowers perennial bloom ;
 'Tis a land of joy—a realm of peace,
 And it lies beyond the tomb !

ENCHANTED HOURS.

FARE—fare thee well ! How soon are flown
 The hours I've passed with thee ;
 But still in fond remembrance oft
 Together we will be !

Those precious hours, whose lustre bright
 Will tinge my future lot ;
 Though, when the first short blank is o'er,
 Myself may be forgot !

Will brighter ones, and fairer far,
 Usurp my wonted place,
 And linger oft as I have done,
 Each kindly look to trace ?

Still shall the thought of those bright hours
 Come through the years to me,
 And I will spend in memory
 A blissful hour with thee !

1853.



TO M. A. W.

If I were to choose a wreath for thee,
 Sister, O what should the flowerets be ?
 Roses and lilies are passing fair,
 And well would become thy glossy hair ;
 But yet, though the flowers of earth be gay,
 Soon, all too soon, will they fade away !

But the wreath, O sister, the wreath for thee,
 Is one that will last through eternity !
 And when this life like a dream has passed,
 May that glorious wreath be thine at last !
 May it cover thy brow on that last dread day,
 The amaranth crown that fades not away !

1853.



TO —————.

I do not ask that life may be
 A path of thornless flowers to thee,
 Nor ask I that thy days may glide
 In one unruffled peaceful tide.
 That "as thy days thy strength may be,"
This, this is what I wish for thee.

I ask, that while the sun doth shine,
 A thankful heart may e'er be thine ;
 And when thy sky begins to lour,
 In that most cheerless, trying hour,
 That thou a Father's hand mayst see,
This, this is what I wish for thee.

And when thy race is nearly run,
 Fought the good fight, the battle won ;
 May He, thy morning light afar,
 Become at last thy evening star ;
 Thy guide through Death's dark valley be,
This, this, is what I wish for thee.

1853.

TO MY SISTER.

WHEN thy path with flowers is strewn,
Gentle sister !

Ere the wintry winds have blown,
Gentle sister !

Ere the roses droop and die,
Ere clouds gather in the sky,
Let *thy* treasure be on high,
Gentle sister !

There are sorrows yet to be,
Gentle sister !

Trials meted out for thee,
Gentle sister !

In this world each has a share
Of griefs and trials hard to bear ;
Thou wilt find the need of prayer,
Gentle sister !

But what matter, if on high,
Gentle sister !

There's a home for those who sigh,
Gentle sister !

Though no earthly parents' love,
E'er our yearning hearts shall move,
We've a Father kind above,
Gentle sister !

SING ME THAT SONG ONCE MORE.

“Like some sweet tone of music, oft
 I seem thy voice to hear ;
 And then—I look around and start,
 To find thou art not near.”

E. B.

SING me that merry song once more,
 I loved so well in days of yore ;
 Merry though its numbers be,
 ’Twill have a plaintive sound to me.
 Sing me that old familiar strain,
 ’Twill bring my childhood back again,
 With many a dear departed face,
 That left by our hearth a vacant place.
 Sing me the song—let it breathe the tone,
 So early loved ! so early gone !
 Let it whisper its tales of days long past,
 Visions of beauty too bright to last.

THE SONG.

OVER the waves of the bright blue sea
 Danceth our little boat merrily ;
 Free as the bird, with hearts as light,
 Carol we gaily, “ Good night ! good night ! ”

Away we skim from the darkening shore,
 Resting awhile on the dripping oar ;
 Then away, away, by the moon’s pale light,
 Carolling gaily, “ Good night ! good night ! ”

O, a fisherman’s life is the life for me,
 A life on the ocean,—the home of the free.
 One more pull,—and the land-marks fade from sight ;
 One last loud carol, “ Good night ! good night ! ”

Hushed is the voice whose tones were heard
 Like the joyous song of a gladsome bird ;
 Hushed are the strains, unheard, save when
 They come to us back in dreams again.

Or when the night-winds gently blow,
 Wafting its accents soft and low,
 Thus, with a song of by-gone years—
 A song of smiles, or a wail of tears,—
 Comes back that voice as in early youth,
 With all its fulness and earnest truth.

1853.



LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MY SISTER.

THEY laid him in his little grave
 In the village churchyard lone ;
 Sweet violets are their perfume lending
 And a graceful willow there is bending,
 Above that little stone.

A strange and thoughtful boy was he,
 With a heart all filled with love ;
 But there came to him in the whispering trees
 And in the soft voice of the evening breeze,
 A call to the world above.

Death laid his hand on that pale fair brow,
 And those meek blue eyes grew dim ;
 His mother watched him day by day,
 While her sweet frail flow'ret faded away
 And the angels came for him.

They laid him low in his little grave,
 That pale and withered flower ;
 And the villagers say that a harp's faint tone
 Is heard by the grave, 'mid the wind's low moan,
 At midnight's mystic hour.

1854.



THE EXILE'S DREAM.

I HAD a dream,—a happy dream—
 Would I had waked no more,
 To find myself an exile lone
 Far from my native shore !

I dreamed I saw my cottage-home
 Beside the winding stream ;
 Its roof of thatch—its rose-climbed porch —
 It was not like a *dream*.

Methought I saw the waving hills
 Behind my home that rise ;
 The fields of grain, the dark green woods
 Whose tree-tops kiss the skies.

The village where my childhood passed,
 The school-house on the green,
 Where oft I conned my lessons o'er,
 And oft at play have been.

And now my children seemed at play,
 Before my cottage-door ;
 And my wife came out to welcome me,
 As in the days of yore.

O happy dream ! as brief as bright !
 My children—where are they ?
 One sleeps beneath a tall palm's shade,
 In a land far, far away.

The other found an early tomb
 Beneath the dark sea-wave,
 And in the village churehyard is
 Their gentle mother's grave.

And I am here, a few short years
 O'er blighted hopes to weep ;
 Then, in an exile's lonely grave
 Far from my home to sleep.

Yet, though divided thus in life
 And in our last repose,
 We shall all meet in Heaven at last,—
 Forgotten all our woes.

Oh blest re-union ! how I long
 That glorious hour to see ;
 To meet again, to part no more,
 Through all Eternity !

1854.



TO MY COUSINS,

ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

MAY you be happy ! O may peace and joy
 Ever your footsteps through life's path attend.
 And oh ! should He who knoweth what is best,
 (To teach you *this* is not to be your rest)

See fit to shadow o'er your prospects here ;
 May He be near you in that hour, to cheer,
 And prove Himself your all-unchanging Friend.
 May you be spared each other through long years
 To share each other's joys, each other's tears.
 And when the fleeting span of life is o'er,
 O may you meet, to part again no more !

1854.



MUSIC.

O Music hath a magic power,
 Where'er, whate'er it be ;
 The pealing hymn in the cloister dim ;
 Over land or on the sea ;
 In the brilliant hall, at the festive hour,
 It has a deep, mysterious power.

But they who have never known its might
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 As it comes on the still cool breeze of night
 Know but half its thrilling power !
 O strange yet sweet is the influence given,
 Seeming not of the earth—yet not all of heaven !

FAREWELL TO THE VILLA.

HOME of my earlier happy days,
 We come to bid a last farewell !
 Bright seems the future ; yet *that* thought
 Casts o'er each heart a saddening spell.

'Tis sad to bid adieu to scenes
 Where childhood's happy days were passed ;
 To look on each loved haunt of yore
 And feel *that* look will be the last !

And oh ! how many memories rise
 In each loved room—of bygone days !
 The nursery !—how its walls have rung
 With laughter o'er our childish plays !

And *here* we conned our pleasant tasks,
 Delightful made by him who seemed
 More friend than master. Dear old room !
 There is more pain in parting than we deemed.

Here let us enter with a noiseless tread,
 For sacred memories are hovering round ;
 'Twas here a gentle mother breathed her last.
 Ay,—softly tread—for it is hallowed ground.

Ay, in this darkened room that mother slept—
 The last long sleep. Cold were the features, mild,
 And pillow'd on her breast her infant lay
 E'en as in life—the mother and the child.

O, dear old home ! though lovelier scenes await,
 Yet memory oft will fondly turn to thee ;
 Perhaps our future homes will be as *dear*,
 But *like* our childhood's, they can never be !

SAD THOUGHTS.

MOTHER ! the word at which
 Such tender memories rise !
That sound turns all my thoughts
 From earth—beyond the skies.

That word to *other* hearts
 How much of joy doth bring ;
 How sadly on *my* listening ear
 Its gentle accents ring !

To me it speaks of death,
 Of sorrow and of tears ;
 Of yearnings for a mother's love
 Through long and weary years.

Yet,—though woven round that name
 Such chords of sadness be,
 There is *one* that yields a strain
 Of sweetest melody.

It speaks of heaven, and brings
 Nearer its portals blest ;
 It tells of quick re-union,
 Of sorrow lulled to rest.

It murmurs that an orphan child
 Is Heaven's peculiar care,
 And whispers that my mother is
 My guardian angel there !

A WORD TO THE WEARY.

ART thou a-weary, traveller,
 In this drear vale of tears ?
 And do afflictions multiply
 With thy increasing years ?

Be not dismayed, oh, traveller !
 Remains the promise still :
 All things shall work for good to those
 Who do their Master's will.

Yea, *all* things ! grief no less than joy,
 Trial, temptation, pain ;
All things shall work together,
 For their eternal gain.

And when within the “ Better Land,”
 We contemplate the past ;
 Shall we not find *all* was designed,
 To lead us *there* at last !

Be not dismayed, then, traveller ;
 Press onward for the prize ;
 Thy Saviour's blood hath bought thee rest
 In realms beyond the skies.

THE RILL.

COME, come with me in the dewy morn,
 To the dell where the violet buds are born,
 They grow near a rill that ripples by,
 Reflecting the clouds and the azure sky.

See how gaily it danceeth along,
 All the while murmuring some old song ;
 A song which the pebbles that 'neath it lie,
 Taught to the stream in days gone by.

'Mong far-off hills is its birth-place found
 Where seldom is heard any human sound,
 Where the wind ever mourneth a song of unrest,
 Where the lordly eagle builds his nest.

Through many a dark and cloudy day,
 Tripping along o'er its rugged way ;
 Has the little streamlet cheerfully gone,
 "Onward!" its motto—"On! right on!"

1855.

SONG.

Come o'er the moon-lit water,
 Come o'er the shining sea,
 Come, fair Italia's daughter,
 Come, come with me !

See how the white foam danceeth
 Like a bird's wing so free ;
 Come o'er the moon-lit waters,
 Come, come, with me !

RETR O S P E C T.

COME with me, and together let us go
 Down into the dark past ;
 Shrink not because there is a chill around—
 A chill—a damp, as of the tomb !

Start not if thou shouldst meet
 Spirits and spectres grim ;
 They will not harm thee,—so thou goest on
 With a stout heart, yet humbly,—
 Rather, they will teach
 Lessons worth learning. Let us stand and hear.

Here, 'midst the lumber and the dust of years,
 Stand and look round. Here lie in heaps
 Mildewed, forgotten deeds, the doer thought
 Would gain him deathless fame,
 (That perishing thing whose fragments lie about
 Here in profusion)—
 Dark deeds that only will be brought to light
 At that dread day when all things shall be known,
 And deeds of mercy and of love performed
 In secret, here, in strange confusion lie.

Hearest thou ?—
 Those gentle sighs, though scarcely sighs they seem,
 (So faint and soft, and strangely sweet their breath),
 They are old memories ; and through yon vista, look !
 Of bygone years,—thou mayst behold the past !
 Stand still and muse, for here is food enough
 For contemplation. There are good resolves
 Which, had they been perfected, would have saved
 From ruin the resolvers. Promises,
 Well kept—but *some*, alas ! are unperformed ;

Great deeds of prowess, and unfinished work,
 And words of cruel bitterness and wrong,
 Whose issue of estrangement and remorse
 Will last through time and life,
 Even, perhaps, into eternity.
 Broken hearts, and smiles, and tears,
 And tones and looks of love from lips and eyes
 Now sealed in death's embrace—

All these are here !

Now all is hushed. Unbroken silence reigns,
 Saving a ceaseless murmur.

'Tis the dash
 Of time's tumultuous ocean !
 Its restless billows from the past receding,
 Advancing ever on life's sunny shore !



FOR J. R.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

FATHER ! ere life's shadows lengthen,
 Ere the sunlight faded be ;
 Be thou with my heart's best treasure,
 Lead his spirit unto Thee !

While the pulse of life beats quickly,
 Ere the evil days draw nigh,
 Ere the heart grow worn and weary,
 Let his hopes be placed on high.

Ere the spirit, crushed and broken,
 Sicken—droop with “hope deferred ;”
 Trembling ever at past memories,
 As the Autumn leaves are stirred.

Ere the earthly joys so cherished,
 Withered, crushed, and buried be ;
 Be Thou with my heart’s best treasure
 Lead his spirit unto Thee !

1856.



THE BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

I HAD hung my harp on the willow,
 Its tones were hushed to rest ;
 When, over the rolling billow
 From a land of the far, far West,

Came a gentle breeze and wandered
 'Mong its trembling strings again ;
 So, with listening ear I pondered
 O'er the meaning of the strain.

'Twas wild and mournful music
 That was borne by that soft free wind :
 A deep, deep sigh from the land of slaves—
 From the land it had left behind.

" If it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—MATT. xxvi. 39.

Such was thy prayer, when dark Gethsemane,
O suffering Lord, witnessed thine agony ;
When Thou alone that fearful vigil kept ;
When weary and o'ercome all thy disciples slept.

This was thy prayer. And may not such as we,
Poor erring mortals, bring this prayer to thee ?
When heavy seems the cross upon us laid,
May we not pray even as Jesus prayed ?

O Thou who only know'st each human heart,
Who hear'st each sigh, and see'st each tear-drop start ;
Who art no stranger to this vale of tears,
But knowest our temptations and our fears ;

Thou who hast borne the cross,
The crown hast won ;
Teach us like Thee to pray,
" Father, Thy will be done ! "

1856.



" LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR
WRATH."

AND wilt thou close thine eyelids,
And wilt thou sink to rest,
With an angry thought of thy brother man,
Still rankling in thy breast ?

Thou know'st not e'er the morrow,
 But that one of you may be
 Called from this scene of strife away
 Into eternity.

How couldst thou stand before thy Judge,
 Thy brother unforgiven ?
 Or hope an entrance free to gain,
 Through the pearly gates of Heaven ?

No ! e'er thine eyes in sleep are closed,
 E'er yet the sun decline,
 Go—ask forgiveness, and forgive—
 And peaceful sleep be thine !



THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

(IMPROPTU, WRITTEN AT CAMBERWELL.)

SADLY memory wanders back,
 O'er my life's uneven track ;
 Calling from the shadowy past,
 Dreams whose rapture could not last ;
 Forms beloved of friends departed,
 Friends so true, and tender-hearted !

Childhood ! what a line of light
 Seem'st thou now in memory's sight !
 Blithe and bright, but gone for aye,
 Like a summer holiday !
 Like an *ignis fatuus* too
 Seems the future to my view,

Gaily-tinted, bright, undying,
 All before my fancy lying ;
 Then the colours flit and fade,
 And all sinks, at last, in shade !



OH, DO NOT THOU FORGET ME.

Oh, do not thou forget me,
 When ocean rolls between ;
 For I would be remembered still,
 As I have ever been !

Oh, do not thou forget me,
 Through weary night and day ;
 For *thou* wilt be before me still,
 When I am far away.

Thee, home and love will yet surround,
 And friends all dear to thee,
 But a vision of the vanished past
 Will be all that's left to *me* !

But oh ! when sad and desolate,
 How sweet the thought may be—
 That *one*, in my own native land,
 Hath not forgotten me.

Then, do not thou forget me,
 When ocean rolls between ;
 For I would be remembered still,
 As I have ever been !

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

I FAINT would wake my harp and weave
 For thee a merry lay ;
 And wish thee every happiness,
 And every joy to-day.

But the harp-strings vibrate feebly ;
 Only a mournful strain - -
 Comes like an echo of the past
 Then dies away again.

And memory now is busy
 With the unforgotten past ;
 And hope, pointing to the future,
 Has her bright wings o'ercast.

But I cannot look upon the past
 With a sigh and with a tear,
 For memory's voice so softly pleads,
 And oh, the past is dear !

I remember, I remember,
 In days that are gone by ;
 How we roamed o'er hill and valley,
 Together, thou and I.

I was a merry, thoughtless girl,
 Dear one, when first we met ;
 Say, does the memory of those days
 Linger around thee yet ?

But the past was not *all* brightness,
 Alas ! its shadows fall
 Upon the present, darkening it,
 Like a funereal pall.

Yet should experience answer
 The end for which 'twas given ;
 The rocks on which we've struck will prove
 As stepping-stones to Heaven.

I ask not any earthly joy
 For thee ; for well I know
 Earth has already many links
 To bind our hearts below.

May He who giveth or withholds
 As He alone knows best,
 Pour on thee his best blessing—
 Then—then—thou wilt be blest !

1857.



LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A YOUNG LADY SAY, “THAT SHE WISHED SHE COULD WRITE CLEVER CUTTING THINGS.”

Is thy ambition, then, with matchless art
 To send an arrow through a brother's heart ?
 With hand unerring, poisoned shafts to aim,
 And on another's suffering build thy fame ?
 O surely 'twas an idle moment's thought,
 For fame, thus purchased, were too dearly bought.
 Say, were it not a holier, nobler part,
 To heal the wound made by the barbèd dart ;
 With gentle words to calm revengeful ire,
 Nor add, by sarcasm, fuel to the fire.
 Unto thy woman's nature be thou true,
 'Tis hers to *suffer* wrong, not wrong to *do*.

Her mission and her duty here is love :
 To lure the wandering steps to realms above,
 To soothe the wretched, and untiringly
 To pour the balm of holy sympathy.
 This is thy woman's mission. Lay aside
 Thy dreams of aggrandisement and of pride.
 Fame is not woman's meed, O seek it not,
 Meekly prepare to fill thy humbler lot ;
 And though no laurel-wreath thy brow may press,
 Thou'l have thy crown, some one thy name will bless,
 Some prayer for thee will reach the mercy-seat ;
 Go ! lay the crown low at thy Saviour's feet.

1857.



LIGHT.

(FRAGMENT.)

THE shades of evening softly fell
 O'er hill and stream, and woody dell ;
 And 'mong the tall and nodding trees,
 Whispered the summer evening breeze.

Calm, indistinct, the landscape lay,
 Draped in its robe of soberest grey ;
 But borne upon the evening air,
 Sweet sounds of drowsy life were there.

The sheep-bell on the distant hill,
 The prattle of the neighbouring rill ;
 Birds, singing farewells to the light,
 And the owl's scream to welcome night.

And many a mystic sound, which ne'er
Is heard, but on the evening air.

Behind a copse where violets hide,
And fairies dance at eventide ;
Uprose the moon, serene and bright,
Flooding the landscape with her light.



DARKNESS.

(ANOTHER FRAGMENT.)

It was a wild and fearful night,
 And o'er the stormy sky,
Masses of black and shapeless clouds
 Were hurried quickly by.
Oh, mournfully the night-wind swept,
 Through the dark forest glade ;
And the creaking boughs of giant trees,
 A dismal answer made !
And as the night wore on, uprose
 Gusts, fitfully and loud,
Moaning and howling through the trees,
 Whose tops were torn and bowed.

In the tangled depths of that forest lone,
 Where the reeds grew rank and high ;
There was an open, shallow grave,—
 Two men were standing by.

Dark were their faces, dark and stern,
 And seamed with crime and care ;
'Twas hard to think that childish mirth,
 Had ever lighted there !

No word the sullen silence broke,
 As their gloomy task they plied ;
 And the red flaring of a torch
 Revealed a corpse beside !

Ah ! as the ruffians raised the dead,
 To cast it to its place ;
 How ghastly was the glare that lit
 That cold and pallid face !



WHERE the sunbeams love to linger,
 Where the weeping willow bends ;
 And the last sweet rose of summer,
 All its dying fragrance lends ;

On an early autumn evening,
 'Ere the sunset hues were past ;
 And like cloud-wreaths up the valley,
 The white mist was rising fast ;

Where the sun-beams love to linger,
 At the hour she loved the best ;
 There they laid my gentle Mary,
 In her last and dreamless rest.

There we brought the autumn flowers ;
They had lived beyond their prime :
 But my lovely bud had withered—
 Withered ere the summer time.

No gold or pearls have I to bring
 To thee, a birth-day offering ;
 Nor costly gems, nor jewels rare,
 No fragrant flowerets, bright and fair,
 To wreath thy brow, or deck thy hair.
 Still, dearest girl, that I may prove
 How true my heart, how fond my love ;
 And prove that time's revolving wheel,
 Naught from my love for thee can steal,
 I send this simple lay to thee ;
 And worthless though that offering be,
 I know thou wilt that offering take,
 And prize it for the writer's sake !



COME back ! come back ! I shall not hear
 Thy sweet young voice again !
 Oh, thou wert more to me than dear,
 And yet I call in vain !

Thou couldst not listen to my call,
 Thy spirit could not stay ;
 My bird had spread his wings for home,
 And longed to soar away !

That home was far above the earth !
 And haply thou hadst heard
 The seraph lyres and songs of Heaven.
 Thou hast gone home, my bird !



I HAVE needed thee, in sadness,
 I have sighed, "Wert thou but here,
 To share my hours, so lonely,
 And my drooping spirits cheer !
 That I might lay my aching head
 Upon thy faithful breast,
 And by thy heart's calm beating,
 Soothe my weary soul's unrest.

I have needed thee in sorrow,
 Unecheered by one bright ray ;
 Made sadder by the dreary thought,
 That thou wert far away.
 But then, sweet memories of the past,
 Like music's tenderest strain,
 Stole o'er the billows of my heart.
 And all was still again !



OH mother ! shall I look upon thy face,
First,—as an angel's ? Will my raptured ear
First,—thy sweet voice in angel-aecents hear ?
 Thou wilt know me, my mother dear,—and I,—
 Methinks there will be something in thine eye,
 Somewhat upon thy brow, and in thy mien
 That *I* shall recognise, though I have seen
 Thee *but* in dreams.

And when the strife is o'er
 And we shall meet, to part again no more !
 The thought is rapturé ! Earthly glories seem
 But as the fading colours of a dream !

A LULLABY FOR BABY.

THE little birds are all gone to rest,
Safe in the soft, warm, downy nest,
So, baby ! sleep on thy mother's breast.

All through the night will angels keep
Guard o'er my darling's calm, sweet sleep ;
Whispering gently into thine ear,
Heavenly tidings which we cannot hear.

For 'tis only such, sweet babe, as thou,
With no stain of earth upon thy brow ;
Only to such as thou 'tis given,
To hear the melodies of Heaven.

For we, alas ! who the burden bear,
Of sin and sorrow and earthly care,
Have listened to earthly sounds so long,
That we hear not the voice of the Heavenly throng.

O then what need that our prayer should be
To become more childlike, more like thee ;
That we, too, may hear, 'mid the world's wild strife,
The songs of a higher and holier life !



MY SISTER, thou hast watched me,
Through many a weary day ;
Hast tended me in sickness,
And chased my tears away.

My sister ! Oh ! my sister !
How clings my heart to thee ;
When I think of happy days gone by
On wings of memory.

I am leaving thee, my dear one,
For a better home above ;
But I shall leave thee what thou'l^t prize,—
My gratitude and love !

1860.



THERE'S a blessing on thee, Josie dear,
From a little grateful heart ;
My children's second mother,
Who acts so well her part.

There's a blessing on thee, Josie dear,
Though it be not of the earth ;
They last the longer, Josie dear,
That have a heavenly birth.

1860.



A LITTLE more of suffering here,
But only for a time ;
And then my ransomed soul shall wake,
In the celestial clime.

A little more of suffering here,
Only a little more ;—
And then my gladsome feet will stand,
Upon the heavenly shore.

A little more of suffering here,
A few sad parting sighs ;
And then shall Heaven's own glories burst,
On my enraptured eyes !

1860.



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